

King's Children.

FROM CORNELL, ILL.

I was requested to write a few lines for the King's Children this week. We met on last Sunday evening at the home of our president, Brother Vanderree, with quite a goodly number present. We think our society is growing in interest and moving along nicely. We feel greatly encouraged to go on in the good work. Must we not become interested in every means for advancing the cause of Christ, as a duty we owe to him?

I love the King's Children because it holds and teaches all the doctrines of the Brethren church. The good the K. C. will do will not be known until the pearly gates have been opened and we can there see around the throne of God those who the King's Children have rescued. All church members should join the King's Children, and be up and about their Master's business. Our society should be spiritual in its aims. Teach our young people loyalty to the church.

Teach them that if they would be true Christians they must grow and be fruitful. That the Christian's life consists in a constant growth upward.

May God bless, strengthen and encourage all the K. C. workers. We are expecting our pastor, Brother Bauman, to commence a revival meeting in Cornell, on May 4. Dear readers of the EVANGELIST, pray for us people here at this place, that we may be strengthened in the Lord, and sinners brought to Christ.

Your sister in Christ,

April 21.

JINNIE LAYNE.

FROM WATERLOO, IA.

As I was appointed by the K. C. to write I will try and write a few lines. I belong to the Junior class, and I think we are quite independent. We have our class all by ourselves in an adjoining room. We have a lively time, and do you know why? Because we have a lively teacher. She is also my Sunday-school teacher. I never counted, but I think there are some in twenty in our class. I never like to miss Sunday-school nor K. C. I will close. Good-bye little friends.

MARTIA LOLA MILLER.

SOME walk on the golden sands, others in the mire; but the same uncontrollable necessity of dying involves all. And whatever the way may be, whether pleasant or doleful, yet every one passes with equal steps, measured by the same invariable spaces of hours and days, and arrives at the same common place.—Bates.

PROGRESSIVE.

We take the following report of the K. C. Easter Service, Milledgeville, Illionis, from the *Milledgeville Free Press*:

"The Easter concert, 'Gates Ajar,' produced by the Progressive young people was an elaborate entertainment. Exercises opened with an organ solo, 'Transcription of Rock of Ages,' by Laura H. Robinson. 'Lift your glad voices,' an Easter anthem, by the choir, was soul inspiring, followed by a prayer by the pastor, Rev. Talley. Then the concert proper began. The 'Pilgrim' (Ray Freas) came first and told of the weary wanderings, searching for knowledge and truth concerning the question as the hearts of men, vain were his queries of priest and sage, 'If a man die shall he live again?' 'Faith' (Ada Chambers) approaches during his soliloquizing and speaks of things invisible to human sight, of heavenly hosts, and One a Holy Pilgrim. 'Hope' (Verna Fike) came to speak of things beyond the bounds of time and space, a goal, a realm, a home. 'Charity' (Jessie Chaffee) gave a scriptural address. 'Though you have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, and though you have all faith and have not charity you are nothing. Charity envieth not, vaunteth not itself, thinketh not evil.' Singing was now heard in the distance, the door opened and the 'Cross-bearer' (Chas. Meyers) followed by a large procession of believers, marched to right of stage, all singing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers!' The dialogue was carried by the five named characters occupying the center of the stage. The chorus of believers, with their songs, scripture selections, and 'messages from beyond the gates,' were convincing, and at last the dispiriting, anxious Pilgrim was made to exclaim, 'O, blessedness most undeserved that I so long a pilgrim and a sinner shall at last, through merits of the perfect, sinless One, find love and rest! O, joy unspeakable that I shall sing, eternally, the praises of His name!' Stella McCombs recited 'Easter Lillies' in a pleasing manner. Maud Freas entertained the audience with a story in song, 'How the Gates Came Ajar.' The decorations were beautiful. Tall gate posts, draped with a fleecy cloud of lace and a large pot of foliage on each post, and a bank of flowers at each base. Gates of white and silver. Rose buds of girls in white, altogether presented an enchanting scene. All did their parts well, which speaks for the faithful efforts of the instructor. The house was filled to overflowing with an appreciative audience.

SELFISHNESS is self-destruction.

A REAL HERO.

There was a little girl named Constance. Her father was dead, and her mother quite poor. Constance went to a school which was also attended by the children of several rich families in the neighborhood. The children used to make great fun about poor Constance, because she was not so finely dressed as they were. One day they were going home from school. Constance was walking a little way before them. One of the girls pointed at her and said:

"See how many patches she has on her dress! One, two, three, four."

Then the boys all laughed at her. Poor little Constance! She burst into tears and tried to run home.

"Cry baby! cry baby!" shouted the boys.

"I don't want her to sit by me," cried Ella Gray.

"What right has she to come to our school?" asked proud Lilly Gross.

There was only one boy in that school who was brave enough to do what was right under these circumstances. His name was Douglas Stewart. He felt sorry for poor Constance, and, breaking away from the rude boys and girls, he ran up to her to try and comfort her.

"Never mind what they say. Let me carry your books. Cheer up! It's only a little way to your house, isn't it?"

"I live in the house under the hill," said Constance. "It isn't like your grand house."

"No matter for that. It has pretty vines and climbing roses, and it's a very nice house to live in," said Douglas, smiling. "I dare say you are very happy there."

"Yes, but I don't want to come to school any more," said Constance, softly.

"O, things will be all right in a day or two," said the boy, kindly. "Never mind them just now." And it turned out just as Douglas said. There was no one in the school who had more influence with the scholars than he had. And when they saw how bravely he took the part of poor Constance they all felt ashamed of themselves; and after that no one in the school ever spoke an unkind word to her. This was truly noble of that boy; he was acting like a real hero.—*The Water Lily*.

I HAVE found nothing yet which requires more courage and independence than to rise a little but decidedly, above the par of the religious world around us. Surely, the way in which we commonly go on, is not the way of self-denial and sacrifice and cross-bearing which the New Testament talks of.—J. W. Alexander.